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THE  
SONG OF THE SEA SHELLS  
AND  
OTHER POEMS

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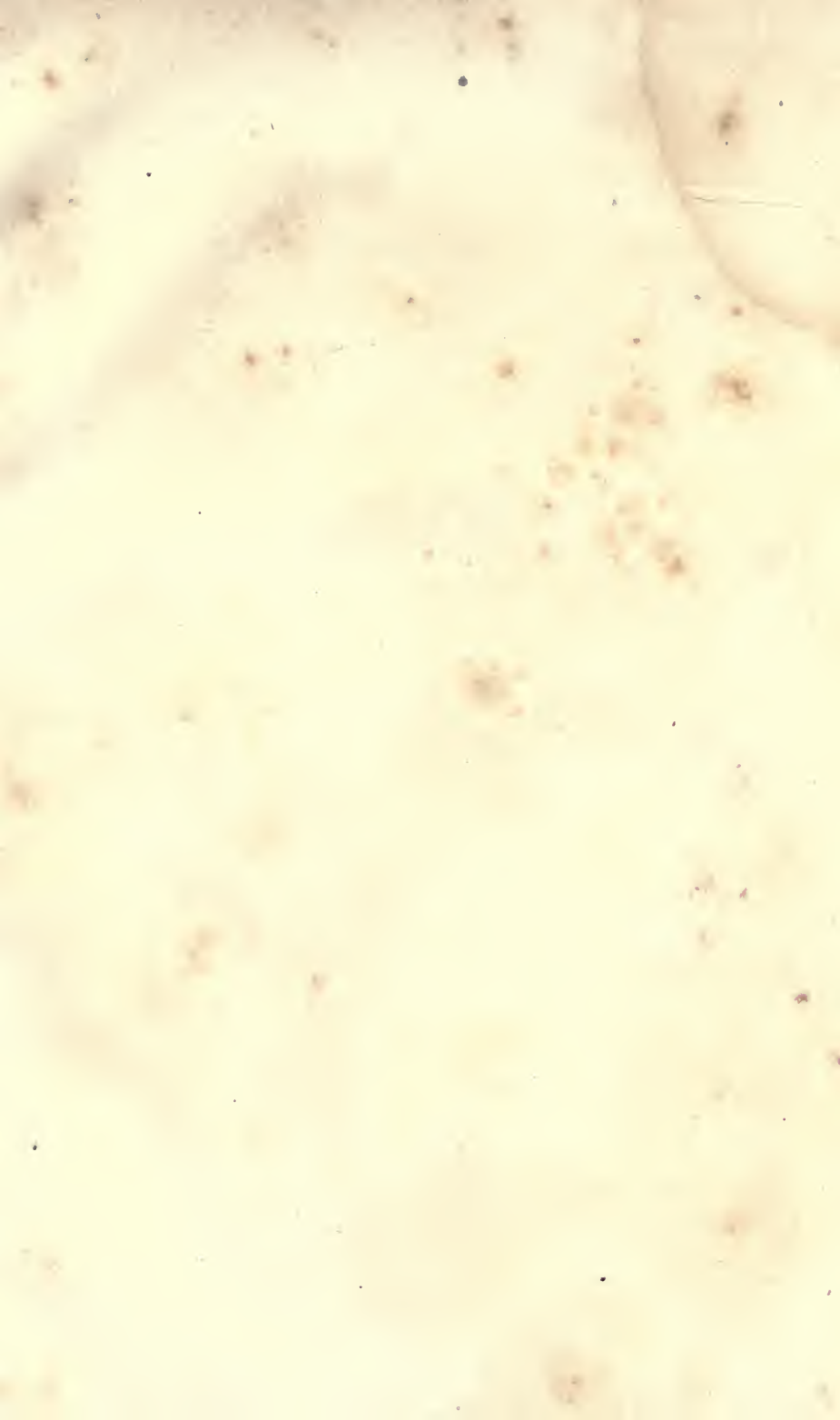
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SONG  
OF  
THE SEA SHELLS,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

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BY THOMAS FISHER.

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## THE PIVOT STAR.

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"He stretcheth out the North over the empty place, and hangeth the Earth upon nothing."—JOB. 26, 7.

"The skies are painted with a thousand sparks; they all are fire, and every one doth shine; yet there's but one in all doth hold his place."—SHAKSPEARE, JULIUS CÆSAR, *Act I, Scene 3.*

"Strong as the axletree on which Heaven rides."—SHAKSPEARE, TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, *Act 1, Scene 3.*

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Balanced in far empyrean space,  
Where science strains its utmost ken,  
The anchors of thy mooring place,  
Confound the proudest lore of men.

Why is't where'er our planet rolls,  
It spins on thee its whirling poles?

While swiftly round the orb of Day,  
Our home terrestrial wheels its way,  
Half bright in day and summer light,  
The eternal, changeful seasons turn,  
Half dark in shade and winter night  
The varying landscapes freeze and burn.

Moor'd in illimitable space,  
Thy radiance has no resting place:  
Yet still where'er our planet rolls  
It points to thee its whirling poles,  
And still round thee, the pivot-star,  
Heaven's spangled concave fades afar.

Fast-anchor'd beacon in the ethereal deep,  
Thou *seem'st* the axle whence heaven's hinges sweep,  
When the fierce tempests lash the midnight sea,  
The ocean rover turns in hope to thee,  
From age to age athwart the trackless wave,  
Thou art the Pole-star of the homeless brave.



## THE SONG OF THE SEA SHELLS.

Where the water plants bloom in the fathomless ocean,  
O'er regions more wide than the verdure of earth,  
Deep down 'neath the broad waves' far-heaving commotion,  
Kind nature allotted the scenes of our birth.

Where'er the blue billow in boundlessness rolls,  
Or the moon-lifted tide-swell is pauselessly piling,  
From the Icebergs that gleam on the star-lighted poles,  
To the glad Isles of Atlas, perennially smiling  
'Neath the path of the Sun, where the coral-rock grows,  
And the last weary surge of the trade-winds repose;  
There our tribes are all dwelling in gladness and pride  
Mid the pastures of ocean, untraversed and wide,  
In numbers computeless, and colors that vie  
With the blossoms of earth, and the lights of the sky.

Where the frost-night of winter encrystals the wave,  
Where the blazing sun sinks 'mid the flush'd ocean's smiles,  
Where the grampus or dolphin have found them a grave  
'Neath the poles' icy cliffs, or the palm-shaded isles;



Where the pearls of the Orient, in loveliness sleep,  
And earth's richest treasures and men's bleaching bones  
Are scattered abroad on the plains of the deep,  
Neglected, unprized as the beach-weather'd stones,  
Where the brass-sculptured galleys the Argonauts bore,  
Still curve their bold prows half-interr'd in the sand;  
The fleets which have sunk 'neath Charybdis' roar,  
And the time-wasted wreck-ribs of every shore,  
Which ocean's old rovers have left on the strand;  
There our kindred are sporting in joy and in pride,  
O'er the pastures of Ocean, so fertile and wide,  
In numbers computeless, and colors that vie  
With the gems of the earth, and the lights of the sky.

Where the canvass of commerce has courted the breeze,  
And gallant ships, gay as the clouds of the hour,  
Have swept o'er the mountain-wave-waste of the seas,  
While traffic-built cities grew peerless in power—  
Where the fleets of dead empires have crowded the wave,  
And navies have reel'd to the cannon's deep roar,  
To swell in proud annals the fame of the brave,  
On the archives of ages, whose glories are o'er—  
Where the nautilus lifts his light sail to the breeze,  
Where the mariner sings to the sky-circled wave,  
By the rock-shelter'd inlets and isles of the seas,  
Where the far-fabled syrens enchanted the brave—

There our tribes are all dwelling in gladness and pride  
'Mid the pastures of ocean, so fertile and wide,  
In numbers computeless, and colors that vie  
With the blossoms of earth, and the lights of the sky.

Where'er the wide azure its barriers laves,  
Where the surf of the summer breeze playfully roars,  
Or the far-heaving surge of the storm-fretted waves  
Drifts up ocean's relics on earth's furthest shores—  
There, while glad sun light fades o'er the ocean's white foam,  
And the cool breeze of evening blows fresh on the strand,  
The blithe sea-boy, sadd'ning in the thought of his home,  
Is gath'ring gay shells from the billowy sand,  
While he grieves o'er the hard fate which dooms him to roam,  
And visits, in visions, his love-lighted land—

He shall bear them away from the scenes of our birth,  
And bright eyes shall value his far-gather'd shells,  
They shall haply be group'd o'er some bright-glowing hearth,  
Where affection has woven her home-nurtur'd spells,  
Where kindness still welcomes the wand'rer of earth,  
And his heart's fondest day-dream of happiness dwells.



## THE SNOW BIRD.

---

This well-known species, (*the Fringilla Nivalis of Wilson*), is by far the most numerous of all the feathered tribes that visit us in winter, from the frozen regions of the North. Its migrations and summer nestling places extend from the mountain summits of the Alleghanies, to the Arctic circle, and probably beyond it. Its winter quarters are the whole Atlantic breadth of the United States, from Maine to Louisiana. How a bird scarcely larger than your thumb can exist and flourish in the severest frosts and storms, during a cold winter, is a miracle in animal chemistry.

---

Bold-hearted bird! whose tiny form  
Heralds the bleak and howling storm—  
When winter, from his icy throne,  
Lets loose the whirlwinds of his power,  
And, o'er our habitable zone,  
Triumphs the despot of the hour.  
Brave-hearted bird! why come ye here,  
At this cold season of the year?

Those flights of summer birds, so gay,  
All left us—with the summer flowers—  
Flew to the sunny South away,  
Where the perennial Palm-tree towers.  
Warm-hearted bird! why stay ye here,  
At this bleak season of the year?  
How can so slight and frail a form  
Survive the frost, and sleet, and storm?  
And pray, what do you get to eat?  
Where do you warm your little feet?

Stranger! my native summer home  
Is buried in the arctic night;  
Resistless instinct bade me roam—  
How could I live without the light?  
Sunlight has almost ceased to glow  
Upon our mountains at the North;  
Stern famine, in his robe of snow,  
Has driven all our kindred forth.

Our fathers loved your homestead glen,  
In time of snow,  
And sheltered in your ivy then,  
Long time ago.



We've come, to spend our winter hours,  
While storm-winds blow;  
We'll glean the seeds of summer flowers,  
Above the snow.

Seeds are about the stack-yard floor,  
And crumbs before the cottage door;  
Nature provides an ample store  
For birds and men:

There's food for all of us, and more—  
We'll come again.

We've taken quarters here till spring—  
'Till then we'll stay;  
But, soon as birds begin to sing,  
We'll fly away!

Gay birds will nestle in your bowers,  
And carol o'er your summer flowers,  
But other destinies are ours;  
We can not stay.

Oft as the measured zodiacs run,  
That lean our forests to the sun;  
When summer's brightest, highest noon,



Melts back the arctic waste of snow,  
And all the lovely flowers of June  
Wide o'er the Northern landscapes blow,  
Once more, beside the mountain rills,  
We'll meet our loves,  
As happy, on our native hills,  
As turtle doves.

But, when again the sun sinks low,  
And winter wreaths those hills with snow—  
When the wild snow-blast drives us forth,  
We'll gladly leave the desert north.

We'll come again:—  
Our fathers loved your homestead glen,  
Long time ago;  
And infants smiled, and gray-haired men,  
To greet the snow-bird once again,  
In time of snow.

## FREUET EUCH DES LEBENS.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Rejoice in life, ye living,  
E'en let the lamp be bright,  
Ere yet its flame may flicker,  
And vanish from your sight.

Rejoice in life, ye living,  
While yet its roses bloom,  
Ere time, the sad despoiler,  
Shall call you to the tomb.

Give not to sordid troubles  
Your few and precious hours,  
Leave not for empty bubbles  
The vale of violet flowers.

Content yourselves ye living,  
Sharers of humble fame,  
And be not prompt to envy  
The magic of a name.



Content yourselves ye living,  
The boon your toil bestows,  
Amid his cares and pride,  
Ambition never knows.

Rejoice in life, ye living,  
Your breasts may heave with woe,  
But friendship's joys are dearest,  
When tears most freely flow.

Console yourselves, ye living,  
Life has its grief and joy,  
Lend not to trifle's power  
Your calmness to destroy.

The landscape after storms,  
Is lovelier than before,  
E'en sorrow heightens joy,  
When transient ills are o'er.

Rejoice in life, ye living,  
Bound to a better land,  
And meet your fellow pilgrims,  
With open heart and hand.

## THE CONDOR OF THE ANDES.

---

The Condor, (*Sarcoramphus Gryphus of Gray*) is by far the largest of the Vultures.

It inhabits the vast chain of the Andes from the Straits of Magellan, throughout the entire length of the continent of South America, and thence by the Isthmus of Panama and Mexico to California and Oregon, the south-western territories of the United States.

The Condor was seen by Lewis and Clarke on their celebrated overland expedition to the Pacific, but not until after they had passed the great falls of the Columbia river.

For a continuous distance of more than six thousand miles, the chief abode of the Condor is at an elevation of from ten thousand to sixteen thousand feet, on the highest and most inaccessible summits of the Andes, near to and above the limits of perpetual snow, where no other living creature can exist. In such situations, on the hollow ledge of some terrific precipice, it lays its eggs and rears its young. Its food is chiefly carrion, the carcasses of large animals which die on the distant plains or on the shores of the ocean.



Admirably adapted in size and power to the magnificent scenery which Nature has made its home, its flight, perhaps surpassing in endurance that of the Eagle, is at first slow, but sweeping in majestic circles, reaches so great an elevation that it gradually appears no larger than a swallow or a mere speck, and at length disappears entirely to the limited power of human vision ; a journey of several hundred miles requiring but little time or exertion.

---

Where Winter o'er the blazing zones,  
Has telegraph'd his polar thrones,  
Where the Cordillera's glacier height,  
Reflects Aurora's earliest light,  
I breath'd the pure empyrean air,  
That swept around my birth-place there.

Above me was the dark-blue sky,  
Nature's ethereal canopy,  
Beneath me, the eternal snow,  
Whence Amazon's far-streamlets flow,  
Below the summit of my birth,  
Far spread the fairest climes of earth,  
In boundlessness, that might defy  
Aught but a falcon's subtle eye.



Thence——sternly from his home on high,  
Monarch of all the tribes that fly;  
Unrivall'd o'er a wide domain,  
Of glaciers, forests, and of plain;  
My parent wheel'd his cloudlike form,  
Like some rude fragment of a storm,  
O'er blooming earth and glowing skies,  
Where Nature blends her loveliest dyes,  
To where on either hand the sea  
Mirror'd his peerless majesty—  
Or stooping to the fields of earth,  
Like being of celestial birth;  
    Bore tribute from the herd or flock,  
    To Chimborazo's dizzy height,  
Where his own eyrie-beacon'd rock,  
    Was red in evening's lingering light.

Ere yet my bursting plumes had grown,  
Or heaven's wide concave was my own,  
Struggling to rise above the rest  
My sportive brothers of the nest,  
That I might feast my wayward eye,  
Where earth seem'd mingling with the sky,

I oft could mark the battle train  
Far gleaming on the distant plain;  
Or when at eve we could descry,  
Pale Vesper in the further sky,  
We knew Iberia's watchfires' glare  
Illumed the far horizon there.

Until the beauteous Queen of Night,  
Announced her rising hour again;  
Lovely, as when the Orient streaks  
That endless chain of icy peaks,  
And wakes the mountain bird,  
On our own heaven-peering height,  
And o'er the sea of glaciers fell,  
A mild unearthly blaze of light,  
I saw with transports of delight,  
I felt—but may not tell.

A hunter scal'd the glacier's brow,  
And I'm a hapless captive now—  
Cruel, to bear me thus away  
From my own regions of the day!  
My sires had nestled, and had flown  
Upon that lonely loftiest height,



And all beyond had been their own,  
Since the deep throes of Nature hurled  
On high those summits of the world.

There short-lived ages shed their snows,  
And there the light ethereal flows,  
In all the changes that it knows,  
Untarnish'd by the mists of earth,  
Brighter than when the Iris glows,  
Or gems of cavern'd birth.

Ah! yes, and in those heaven-lit skies,  
Wide circling round that chrystal height,  
E'en now my parent proudly flies,  
Exulting in the day-star's light—

Ah! would that they had let me fly  
To hover o'er my country's hosts,  
And scream the trump of victory,  
For now Hispania's flag is furled,  
Forever in the Western world,  
Morillos sought his native shore,  
To know Ulloa's towers no more.

## THE BATTLE OF THE BORODINO.

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### EVENING ON THE PLAINS OF MOSKWA.

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This most sanguinary of modern battles, was fought between the French Grand Army under Napoleon, and that of the Russians under Koutousoff, with nearly similar numbers of men.

The battle commenced with the roar of 2000 pieces of cannon. It was most obstinately contested. The loss of the French, who remained masters of the field, was 30,000 men killed and wounded; that of the Russians, 45,000;—25,000 horses killed or disabled, added to the horrors of the bloody scene.

The transient and eventful day,  
Was fading rapidly away,  
And now the dim and sulph'rous cloud,  
That formed the battle's thunder shroud,  
Far stretched along the stormy sky,  
Above the plains of Muscovy.

The battle ceased, and all was still  
On the wide plain—o'er wood and hill,  
And valley of the rushing stream,  
Not an alarum gun was fired,  
Nought but their twinkling lances-gleam,  
Told that the northern host retired.

A glow of red and fitful light  
Was lingering in the horizon west,  
And lit the curtains of the night,  
Around the Day-star's place of rest.  
The length'ning lines of watchfires rose,  
The wearied armies sought repose;  
The soldier stretched upon the soil,  
Courtied oblivion of his toil.

Upon the morning of that day,  
The far-responding reveille  
Had summoned in embattled line,  
The leagued nations of the Rhine.  
The impulse of one mighty mind  
Had led those glittering legions forth,  
And bade them seek in realms afar,  
'Neath the proud turrets of the north,  
The glory and the boon of war.

There moved the phalanx of the brave,  
Far heaving as the ocean wave;  
On their proud frontlets you might trace,  
Adown the far historic page,  
The character of many a race,  
The chivalry of many an age.  
The sons of sires whom Cæsar led;  
The Lithuanian and the Goth,  
Were marching with a measured tread,



In the same mighty sabaoth,  
Beside the noblest youth of France—  
All sharers of the same romance.

There was young recklessness of life,  
And lofty fearlessness of eye,  
That gloried in the fiercest strife,  
Nor cared, as heroes live, to die;  
And there, the veteran's war-wrought form,  
The soldier of Marengo's field,  
Inured to battle and to storm,  
Of lion-heart unused to yield.

That soldier whose chivalrous youth  
Had braved the Arab's whirl-wind lance,  
Still follows here with changeless truth,  
The yet ascending star of France.

Amid his chosen chiefs of war,  
Napoleon from a height surveyed  
The mighty masses of the Czar,  
In countless density arrayed,  
And said, as rose the cloudless sun,  
" 'Twas thus,—when Austerlitz was won—  
Soldiers!!!—your hoary age shall tell  
Your father's cottage fires beside—  
Of those who fought, and those who fell  
Where yonder swells the battle tide."

'Tis evening now ——— upon the plain,  
Are strown the battle-drifted slain;  
The tawny children of the Moor,  
The Calmuck, the Carinthian boor,  
The belted Cossack of the Don,  
The plumed knight of Arragon,  
The emblem lion and the bear,  
Have met in death's stern conflict there:

And many a youth of fearless eye,  
Beneath this dark and storm-swept sky,  
Reclines upon the turf—to die.

Still o'er the soldier's dying hour,  
Memory sustains her magic power,  
And lights the flickering lamp of life,  
As though its streams were fresh and rife—

For each has left a vacant hearth—  
His loves, the valley of his birth,  
His altar, and his childhood's home,  
The kindling of a mother's eye,  
When lust of conquest bade him roam,  
To march beneath a distant sky.

The peasant of the winding Rhine,  
Has wandered from his vine-wrought bowers;  
The shepherd of the Appennine  
Has left his flock, his mountain flowers.

Yon dresser of the Olive grove,  
Has torn him from his plighted love,—

Upon Italia's hills afar,  
She gazes on the evening star,  
And tunes for him the sweet guitar,  
But her sad constancy is vain,  
That youth will ne'er return again.

When the last rallying charge of horse  
Spurred madly on; o'er many a corse,  
His form was crushed—upon his brow,  
The dews of death, are falling, now :  
Ere yet the coming dawn of day,  
Shall wake again the reveille—  
His life's last impulse will be o'er,  
He'll hear the bugle's note no more;  
He may not meet his faithful maid  
Beneath the bowering myrtle's shade—  
Siberia's ravens riot here,  
In gathered flights, the wintry year,  
And ere the far return of spring,  
His bones are bleached and glistening.

But soon the sun will light again,  
The battle on this reeking plain;  
Italia's gayest, bravest knight,  
The wildest meteor of the flight,  
Leads on his clouds of prancing steeds,  
His dreamers of chivalrous deeds;



The farthest banners as they float  
Shall tremble to his trumpet note,  
And seas of nodding plumes shall wave  
To the firm footfall of the brave.

Yet onward! 'neath the northern sky  
Gallia's impetuous eagles fly,  
Where coldly shines the pivot-star,  
O'er the bronzed towers of the Czar.  
But thence—those eagles shall be driven,  
By the dread tempest-winds of heaven;  
For they shall meet a fiercer foe,  
E'en than the desert-nurtured men,  
And their proud bearers shall lie low,  
Entomb'd in wastes of wolf-traced snow.

Amid the pageants of man's hour,  
The war-trump holds terrific power;  
But truly there are prouder fields,  
And nobler boon than conquest yields.

## TO A WEE WHIN STANE.

*In Imitation of the Domestic Poetry of Scotland.*

Wee shapeless bit of auld whin stane,  
Lyin' untented on the lea,  
Thou had amaist to've brought me doon,  
An' dirl'd my knee.

Thou's broken on my reverie,  
Daundrin' alang,  
Sae now I'm gaun to mak o' thee,  
A careless sang.

In troth, thou looks baith rough an aul',  
Thou's surely lain for mony a year,  
Ere yonner burnie 'gan to brawl,  
Or bonnie gowan blinket here.

Ere Adam's froward generation  
Were made o' clay;  
Or the bright lamp of a' creation  
Had lit the day.

Wha now can tell what great convulsion,  
Has reft thee frae yon tow'rin rock,  
Whether 'twas Noah's flood's revulsion,  
Or thunder shock

Thou's stooden mony a summer shower,  
An' mony a weary winter's storm,  
Fu' mony a wee bit daisy flower,  
Has bloom'd aside thy rugged form.

When the auld forest flourished here,  
The autumn leaves wad rustle by thee,  
An' aftentimes the wolf an' deer,  
Hae left their banes and hornies nigh thee.

Guid night, my staney. I maun gang,  
The stars are peepin' owre the brae,  
I'll mak an enden to my sang,  
I maunna linger on my way.



Aiblins ere lang some ane may tak thee,  
When yonner highroad wants a help,  
An' set some buirdly chiel to crack thee,  
Wha'll smash thee wi' a cruel skelp.

Aiblins some eident youth may pouch thee,  
Ee'en thee wi' a pawkie look,  
An' in his nackie closet couch thee,  
Or write about thee in a book,

The various fates o' stanes an' men,  
The future thou nor I maun ken,  
The lear we've got frae mother natur,  
Is unco sma'  
But then we hae a kind Creator,  
Wha mad' us a'.

## THE RAVEN.

---

*Sæpe sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice cornix.*

---

SCENE NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

Augury, or the art of foretelling future events, by the flight, cries, or motions of birds, descended from the Chaldeans to the Greeks, thence to the Etrurians, and from thence it was transmitted to the Romans. The crafty legislators of these celebrated nations, from a deep knowledge of human nature, made superstition a principal feature of their religious ceremonies; and the Romans having consecrated the Raven to Apollo, its flight was observed with the greatest solemnity, and its tones and inflections of voice were noted with a precision which intimated a belief in its infallible prescience. Even in modern nations we have self-constituted interpreters of omens, whose predictions have been received with religious respect by the credulous multitude.

Ill-omen'd bird, whose sombre coat,  
And flapping wing, and boding note,  
Ruled with a dark, mysterious power,  
Old Latium, in her proudest hour.

Herald of ill! to thee was given,  
Prescience of impending hate,  
The awful retribute of heaven,  
The darkest messages of fate.

Oft from some ancient Elm, or Oak,  
By some centennial lightnings riven,  
Whose giant branches, blanched and broke,  
Still peered amid the winds of heaven;  
Thou shrieked to Mantua's sire and son,  
An omen, that his sands were run—  
The odors of the mouldering slain,  
Far wafted from the battle-plain,  
Would oft allure thy wayward flight,  
To grace the augur's mystic rite,  
The wisest chieftains boldly led,  
Where'er thy fluttering fancy sped,  
And Rome's own Cæsars learned from thee,  
The prestige of their destiny.

But Superstition's earlier hour,  
Has lost some portion of its power,  
We will not ask thee to predict,  
What woes the future must inflict,



If thou wilt tell with graphic truth,  
The memoirs of thy early youth.

My sires were not of Mantua's groves,  
Where the old Tiber winds along,  
They listened not to Virgil's loves,  
His musings of immortal song.  
My ancient and unstoried race,  
Were nurtured in the western woods,  
And chose their fitful dwelling-place,  
Where old Shanunga\* pours his floods:  
Benignant Nature o'er these shores,  
Profusely strewed her ample stores,  
And here of erst they used to fly,  
Disporting in the evening sky,  
When far-spread forests like the seas,  
Were waving in the autumn breeze.

The oak tree of my eyrie stood,  
A patriarch mid the younger wood,  
A forest race, now all at rest,  
Or exiled to the farthest West,

\* The Aboriginal name of the Delaware River.

And countless herds of tranquil deer,  
When I was fledged were sporting here—  
A nation of an hundred bands,  
Then hunted o'er these shaded lands,  
'Camp'd by the fountains of their sires,  
And gather'd to their council fires—

From heights by rivers cleft in twain,  
To where the forests front the main.

How those primeval forests fell,  
I may not, and I would not tell,  
There scarcely now remains a trace,  
To mind you of that mighty race,  
And now if o'er the scene I fly,  
'Tis only in the upper sky,  
Yet well I know 'mid spires and smoke,  
The spot where stood my eyrie oak,  
Yes I can e'en replace again,  
Those woodlands as I knew them then,  
Those verdant scenes and herds of deer,  
That used to browse so calmly here.

## THE CREATION OF LIGHT.

---

And God said: "Let there be Light,—and there was light."

---

Light is certainly the most magnificent prototype which physical creation affords of the omnipresence of Deity, and of the unity of that self-existent universal energy, which, while it "spreads undivided," and "operates unspent" in the worlds of matter and of mind, is continually revealing to intelligent creation the infinity and benignity of creation's Author.

This sublimated ethereal substance, according to the inspired Hebrew historian, was spoken into existence by the first fiat of the Eternal, and originated in the incipient act of creative energy on rude and darkling chaos. Holding as it were an intermediate relation to matter and immaterial existence, and triumphing in the inconceivable velocity and infinite extent of its emanations over time and space, it may be contemplated as a sort of angelic messenger from the throne of the Omnipotent to the boundlessness of universal creation.

Huygens, a Dutch astronomer of the seventeenth century, suggested that there might be "stars at such an immense distance, that their light had not yet traveled down to us since the Creation."

This hypothesis has not been disproved; it is in fact sustained by the observations which the elder Herschel and the more modern astronomers, by means of their gigantic telescopes, have been able to make in the remote ultra-planetary space.

The idea of Huygens pictures but a solitary pencil of light, traveling from some immensely distant star for six thousand years, at the velocity of twelve millions of miles per minute, but not yet having reached us, to make its origin visible at our Earth. It is only *generalizing* this idea to believe, that the first created light of our sun, and that of every other star in the firmament, still extends itself in all directions into illimitable space; main-



taining, in all its wondrous inter-radiations, the distinct proportionate visibility of its innumerable suns, at any and every point of infinite space where the eye of an observer or the lens of a telescope can be imagined to exist.

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I.

Instant, o'er heaven, from every sun and star,  
Flash'd the centrifugal ethereal Light;  
The planets glittered in their paths afar,  
And darkness vanished at the dazzling sight.

II.

And thence far—far that darkness hastes away,  
Where our sun's starlight dawns in boundless space;  
And many a distant sun's primeval ray  
Toward us is speeding on its pauseless race.

III.

A hundred millionth part of Solar light  
Illumes our planets in their kindred race;  
All, save this fraction of its radiance bright,  
Glances beyond them into boundless space.

IV.

What is our little planet's day and night?  
The day, that dazzles human eyes with glare,

Checks not the interglance of starry light—  
It beams incessantly forever there.

## V.

We roll into Earth's shadow; and 'tis night  
To us—our side the orb is from the sun;  
One half's in shadow always—one in light;  
Evening and morning since the world begun.

## VI.

One half in day and summer light  
The eternal changeful seasons turn;  
One half in shade and winter night  
The varying landscapes freeze and burn.

## VII.

Myriads of sunbeams interweave their light,  
Throughout the boundless distance of the sky;  
And gem the spangled canopy of night,  
Where'er the wanderer turns his thoughtful eye.

## VIII.

The furthest starbeam's telescopic flight,  
Direct, unerring from its centre runs;

Threads the vast maze of inter-radiant light  
Athwart the day-source of a thousand suns.

## IX.

On every side each distant sun displays,  
Across the daylight of each other sun,  
Its radiant sphere of still expanding rays,  
Widening and widening e'en since time begun.

## X.

The feeblest starbeam in its furthest flight,  
Across the dazzling day-fires of the sky,  
Truly reveals its centre and its source  
Unscorched and changeless to the gazer's eye.

## XI.

E'en when the student swings great Herschel's len's,  
Measuring in mighty tracts concentric space;  
Each telescopic sun his vision kens  
Further and feebler has its certain place.

## XII.

In Cancer, or in Leo, as we roll,  
One starry concave fills the midnight air;  
Whether we view the Zodiac or the Pole,  
The constellated suns of space are there.



## XIII.

As fades a stone's splash in the waves around,  
Though suns may darken at light's starting place;  
While ages roll, and cycles wheel their bound,  
Light speeds, centrifugal, its onward race.

## XIV.

Heaven's vast machine defies the optician's art,  
Naught but Omniscience its depths may scan,  
What man may know is but a little part,  
All unrevealed to him the glorious plan.

## XV.

Author of All! Almighty, yet unseen,  
Wondrous, surpassing wonder Thou must be,  
Thou veil'st thyself beyond the starry scene,  
The light thou mad'st reveals thy works, not thee.

## XVI.

Thy Omnipresence shrouds itself in light,  
Where its bright rays illume the furthest sky;  
The tiny shadow of Earth's little night  
Hides nothing from thine ever-seeing eye.

## THE PEWEE FLY-CATCHER.

---

The Pewee Flycatcher, (*Muscicapa nunciola* of Wilson,) arrives in Pennsylvania, the earliest of migratory songsters, while the woods are yet leafless, and leaves us late in the autumn. Its cheering simple notes become grave and plaintive with the declining year. It loves rivulets and ravines, and builds beneath projecting rocks or under the eaves of unfrequented dwellings. Its migrations appear to be, and probably in common with those of many other of our birds are, made during the night.

"The notes of the Pewee (says Wilson,) like those of the Blue-bird are pleasing, not for any melody they contain, but from the ideas of spring and returning verdure, with all the sweets of this lovely season, which are associated with his simple, but lively ditty. Towards the middle of June he becomes nearly silent; and late in the fall gives us a few farewell and melancholy repetitions, that recall past imagery, and make the decayed and withered face of nature appear still more melancholy."

---

Sweet little songster! once again,  
We hear thee warbling in the glen.  
Oft as the measured periods run,  
That lift our planet to the sun;

When Flora wheels her verdant car,  
To follow 'neath the solar star,  
And Zephyr from her garland throws,  
The snowdrop 'mid the wasting snows:  
When Winter to the arctic zone,  
The axis of his chrystal throne,  
Obedient to the god of day,  
Shrinks from beneath his brightening ray,  
Yet dares to linger cold and drear,  
To check the promise of the year.

From fields of ever-blooming flowers,  
From heavens where the palm-tree towers,  
When Nature to the northern groves,  
Summons the warblers to their loves,  
First herald of the woodland choir,  
Thou plum'st thy little active wing,  
To bear thee through the wastes of air,  
And hover o'er the van of spring.

The same benign instinctive light,  
That calls thy pilgrimage from far,  
Befriends thee on the breeze of night,  
Unlighted by the moon or star,



Until thy native rocks among,  
Soft thrilling thro' the budding grove,  
We hail thy unobtrusive song,  
All tranquil as the voice of love.

Ere yet the summer's deepest shade,  
Shall darken o'er thy native glade,  
Around thee, thro' the cheerful wood,  
Shall sport a little chirping brood,  
Intent on youthful wing to fly,  
And follow to the boundless sky.

Swift as the vernal breezes blow,  
The summer's fleeting moons shall roll,  
And chequered autumn soon shall throw,  
Its hues of feeling o'er the soul,  
But every day shall be to thee,  
As happy as the blooming spring,  
Shall bring its undiminished glee,  
And tireless buoyancy of wing.

And e'en when Autumn rude and drear,  
Has seared the beauty of the year;  
When prouder songsters far away,  
Have followed the retiring ray,

Yet shall the woods and rocks prolong  
The plaintive accents of thy song.

Till Nature from thy summer home,  
Kindest of guardians, bids thee roam,  
Calls thee to fly where Flora leads,  
O'er sunny isles and verdant meads,  
And in some far off flowery land,  
To join again the tuneful band,  
To plume again thy moulted wing,  
And chase the circling car of spring.

Sweet bird! may thy glad warblings be  
A soothing and delight to me

Still,—though the pauseless lapse of time,  
Shall dim the dreams that lure me now,

And autumn of returnless prime,  
Shall trace its shadows on my brow;  
I know thee well, thy cheerful lays,  
In the bright spring-time of my days,  
Could all their loveliness impart,  
To my yet free and joyous heart,  
And wake the gayest buoyancy  
Of happy, thoughtless infancy.

## THE PRAIRIE.

Twilight curtain'd the far-water'd plains of the west,  
The landscape grew dim to the wanderer's eye,  
All was still where the prairie-bird guarded his nest,  
The sun's path was red o'er the place of his rest,  
And the vapours that loom'd on the verge of the sky  
Were bright as the hunter's dream'd-land of the blest.

The bones of the bison were bleaching around,  
The herds had lain down 'mid the wild-flowers' bloom,  
And Heaven's wide concave seem'd vacant of sound  
Save where some lone prowler's fierce howl rent the air;  
The breath of the desert was fraught with perfume,  
And the brief fly of summer in gladness was there.

I had scaled the steep cliff o'er the eddying wave,  
Whence the love-martyr'd maid, in her beauty had leapt,  
And encamped on the spot where the fair and the brave  
In the dust of the desert all silently slept,  
Where the Osage had dug for their chieftain a grave,  
Where their hazel-eyed matrons in madness had wept.



The still Heavens glitter'd with many a star,  
The lone dewy desert grew darker and drear,  
I shrunk 'neath my robe, for my home was afar,  
And my heart's sombre musings were blended with fear;  
Kind sleep sealed my eyes, such as wanderers know  
When the lonely are blessed with oblivion of woe.

Deep visions stole o'er me with tragic-wrought power,  
Like glad sunset groupings of years that have past,  
Restoring the magic of many an hour  
Too fleeting to tell, and too lovely to last.  
Proud races of chieftains, their loves and their rage  
On the prairie's vast outline burst bright on my eye,  
Like the song-storied glories of earth's early age,  
Like a vast pictured legend portray'd on the sky.

The season's rich dramas of bloom and of change,  
Each rife in its redolent beauty and prime,  
Gave shadow and light to the bison's wide range,  
And varied the still pauseless fleeting of time.  
The winter's hunt scenes o'er the far-drifted snow,  
The fawn's happy frolics, 'mid spring's blossoms past,  
The flower-fly's flight in the summer-sun's glow,  
And autumn's sweet songsters the lonely and last.

The hunter's gay smiles on his fond mother's breast,  
His nurture, his gambols in life's happy morn,  
The spells of his manhood's impassioned behest,  
The flash of his eye on his battle-steed borne.  
The victor's shrill joy, the still death of the foe,  
The feats of the brave, and the right of the strong,  
Swell'd my heart with high pulses of joy and of woe,  
But no prairie minstrel has told them in song.

Here swept o'er the wild grass the whirlwinds of war,  
Here the vulture for ages has nourished his brood,  
On the flesh of the proud and the fearless of yore,  
'Till the cliffs of Missouri were dyed with their blood.  
And here, when the autumn-moon's tranquildest gleams  
Gave wilder enchantment to beauty's kind glance,  
The glad hunter, 'tranced in his heart's dearest dreams,  
Seem'd to reap in life's fancies the joys of romance.

'Twas morning—I woke on the wild pasture space,  
Where the vast prairie spreads in its grandeur alone;  
Around me, far peering, the turf-mounds were strown,  
Where the mighty had heaped them a burial place,  
The lone lasting record of many a race.

## THE TOMB OF WILSON.

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On the shores of the Delaware, within the southern suburbs of Philadelphia, is the "Old Swedes Church," with its neat parsonage-house and garden. It was built in the year 1700, on the site of a temporary wooden one erected in the forest by the Swedish emigrants. In its cemetery, Wilson, the American Ornithologist, is interred. He had requested to be buried in some rural spot, sacred to peace and solitude, where the birds might sing over his grave. That spot is marked by a simple marble, which records the date of his birth and death.

---

The grass is green and the plane-trees bloom  
'Round the ancient kirk and the humble tomb,  
    O'er Wilson's honor'd grave;  
And the passage-bird from the orange-groves,  
To the summer scene of his youth and loves,  
Has borne him down from the heights of air,  
To warble his wonted requiem there.  
But still and cold is that heart of fire,  
It thrills not as erst to the songster choir.



Sainted student of Nature! thy relics repose,  
Far away from the land which is proud of thy birth,  
Where the thistle blooms high o'er the vales of the rose,  
And the mountain breeze nurtures the brave of the earth,  
Where cottier's hearth and castled tower,  
Have tales of love and chivalry,  
Scenes which could wake the mightiest power  
That lives in Highland minstrelsy.

Ere her ain plough-boy bard had sung,  
Amid his bonny braes and rills,  
Or Campbell's deathless lyre was strung,  
On Caledonia's heathered hills.

Upon his peasant-mother's breast,  
Nature had marked a darling boy,  
And conscious of his high behest,  
Beheld him with maternal joy.

Soon she who gave the prattler birth,  
Left him in infancy to roam,  
Left to the wilderness of earth  
An orphan from his parent home.

But not the dull routine of toil,  
The shuttle's shrill monotony,  
Or ills of penury could spoil,  
His spirit's high-wrought destiny.

The love of freedom, and of truth,  
Inspiring genius, bore him on;  
Gentlest of Scotia's gallant youth,  
Nature's devoted chosen son.

His fearless spirit spurned the wrong,  
His country's tyrants had designed,  
And dealt them in his satire-song,  
The execration of mankind.

Hap'ly, a friendly clime had risen,  
Beyond the darkly rolling wave,  
The brightest spot that beacons heaven,  
Home of the exile, and the brave.

He sought Columbia's distant shore,  
Where erst a pilgrim band had prest,  
When Penn his bloodless banner bore  
To the dark forests of the West.

There Nature in her frolic moods,  
Had strown her sweetest forms and flowers,  
And bloom'd o'er boundless solitudes,  
Lovely, as in her Orient bowers.

And there, as now, the passage-bird,  
Had sung his summer song and flown,  
Gay, as the hunter-race who heard,  
Through ages, noteless and unknown.

But now there came a gifted child,  
An exile o'er the broad blue sea,  
To hear the songsters of the wild,  
And breathe the air of liberty.

He saw the cheerful choir whose loves,  
Enraptur'd song, and summer home,  
Surround us 'mid our fields and groves,  
Till fading autumn bids them roam.

And all those mightier tribes that soar,  
From the bleak icebergs of the north,  
Above the restless ocean's shore,  
When winter's empire sends them forth.

Kind Nature to his docile heart,  
Taught the enchantment of the scene,  
And gave him power to impart,  
Such as to mortal had not been.

His words have pictur'd to the sight,  
The rival falcons in the sky,  
And lit in their unmeasured light,  
The fadeless dreams of Poesy.

He rambled where the "wandering stream,"  
Mirrors its own primeval woods,  
And where beneath their rainbow gleam,  
Whelm Niagara's ocean-floods.



He climb'd the Appalachian's height,  
Where lingers the eternal snow,  
And gazed with wild and proud delight,  
O'er all the forest world below.

He launched a lone deserted soul,  
Far floating on the rapid's breast,  
Where the descending rivers roll,  
The gathered waters of the West.

He marked the pigeons' myriad flight,  
That fill'd the horizon broad and blue,  
Till his eye wearied with the sight,  
And twilight hid them from his view.

There, by the lonely leaf-strown grave,  
Where lost lamented Lewis lies,  
He wept as friendship weeps the brave,  
Ere it may join them in the skies.

But now the mourner weeps no more,  
He sleeps beneath yon humble tomb,  
His wild-wood wanderings are o'er,  
He heeds not Spring's returning bloom.

He died, as genius oft shall die,  
While sordid passions bear control,  
But never shall the sun or sky,  
Glow on a warmer, nobler soul.

The brightest, loveliest orbs of heaven,  
Shine on us for the shortest date,  
To brightest spirits oft is given,  
The comet's swift-returning fate.

While Egypt's slowly mouldering stone,  
Shall look on nations yet to be,  
And tell of generations gone  
To races passing ceaselessly.

While Homer's numbers shall prolong,  
His country's dear and deathless name,  
E'en if his rapture-breathing song,  
Wakes not a Phoenix from her flame.

While our own emblem-bird shall fly,  
Serenely in his native sky,  
And the broad breeze o'er earth and sea,  
Wafts the proud banner of the free,  
So long, illustrious shade! thy name  
Shall brighten on the scroll of fame—  
While Nature's onward course shall bring  
Again the bloom, and birds of spring;  
Each lonely note or song of glee,  
At dawn and eve shall tell of thee.



## THE RETREAT ON THE BERESINA.

---

The passage of the Beresina by the remnant of the French Grand Army, on its disastrous retreat from Moscow, in the winter of 1812, was opposed by the Russian artillery and cavalry, and was effected in the midst of a tempest, with severe fighting on both sides of the river. The loss of the French was dreadful. It is reported that when the thaw permitted, 36,000 bodies were found in the Beresina.

It was altogether one of the wildest, most desperate, and most horrible scenes which war can exhibit.

---

The glare that lit the northern sky,  
Upon the raging tempest driven,  
Diffused its lustre far and high  
Where Moscow's fires arose to heaven;  
And bursting on the noon of night  
Reveal'd the bivouac's curving line,  
And dimm'd the watchfires' paler light  
Where camp'd the armies of the Rhine.



The Gallic eagle smooth'd his plumes  
Above the birth-place of the Czars,  
The sacred temple of their tombs,  
The castled eyrie of their wars.

Thence, gazing o'er the billowy flame,  
Napoleon fix'd his restless eye;  
'Twas the proud crisis of his fame,  
The haughty monarch heaved a sigh.  
Wild and unfathomed feeling there  
Usurp'd the impulse of his soul,  
Sated ambition, glory, care,  
The madness of supreme control—  
The past, since fortune's wayward smile  
Had called him from his native isle  
To rule the spirits of his hour  
And wield the wand of pageant power,—  
The future's dim and doubtful dream,  
Its promised triumphs, and its date,  
Came o'er him like a dazzling gleam  
Amid the gathering storms of fate.

Fierce, lurid ruin, uncontrolled,  
Around the beetling Kremlin roll'd;

The soldier, lighted to the spoil,  
Revels in Russia's proudest halls,  
'Till wearied rapine yields to toil,  
And famine haunts the blackening walls,  
While mid her self-devoted fires  
Thunder old Moscow's falling spires.

Stern destiny, whose reckless ken  
Is wont to dwell on scenes like these,  
The doom of empires and of men,  
Matures her terrible decrees.

Homeward, reluctant, from afar  
The hero turns his gilded car;  
Around their demigod of war,  
Follow the nations' plumed tide,  
The chosen of chivalric lore,  
The fiercest legions of his pride,—  
Trophies revered in olden time  
Roll onward 'mid the vast parade,  
And gorgeous spoils of every clime  
Bring up the length'ning cavalcade.



Earth, and her annals, may not boast  
A mightier or a braver host,—  
There foremost tread that star-lit band  
Who nursed the eagles of their land—  
Soldiers of fortune and romance,  
Who bore above the Alpine snow,  
And barrier stream, and trenched foe,  
The victor-bird of France,  
And braved, 'mid Egypt's sand-swept seas,  
Beneath the tombs of centuries,  
The Moslem's reckless lance—  
And gayer bands of conscript youth,  
Trained in her matchless schools of war,  
Are gathered with devoted truth,  
By glory summoned from afar—  
When mid the rosy light of morn,  
Upon the glacier echoes borne  
The stirring tocsin wildly rose,  
The music of the heifer-horn  
Falter'd upon St. Gothard's snows—  
War's syren-tumult from the vales  
Breathed rapture on the mountain gales,



The hunter from the Oberland,  
The herdsman of the green Valais  
'Neath the gay banner of his band  
To the far crusade tore away—  
And fairer climes, where summer smiles,  
Where the perennial myrtle blooms,  
Where lovely woman most beguiles,  
Where cypress shrouds the Cæsars' tombs,  
All sent their chosen legions forth  
To breast the ramparts of the north.

Those banners of imperial France,  
On the same desolated track  
Whence rushed their desperate advance,  
Turn from resistless winter—back.  
Around, the cautious Russian poured  
His countless serfs in marshalled bands;  
And Asia sent her Cossack horde,  
Whose chargers swept the desert sands;  
But not to these that host shall quail,  
Or battle storm, or soldier's grave—  
Those Scythians are of no avail,  
They bring not terror to the brave—

More cruel ministers of fate  
On that devoted host await:  
The freezing torrents treacherous flow,  
Consuming famine and fatigue,  
The bivouac of the sky and snow,  
The lingering march of many a league,  
Shall bring the gayest warriors there  
To hopeless ruin and despair.

In vain the coursers of the Rhine  
Enflank the bayonet's bristling line;  
The cavalier whose bounding steed  
Once matchless where the clarion led,  
Had rush'd to many a daring deed  
O'er reeking ramparts of the dead,  
Must leave that faithful friend, to die—  
Proud sharer of his toils and pride,  
Whose famished form and faded eye  
Told him a tale that hope defied—  
His spirit yields to mightiest ills  
The cherished glory of his art,  
Rude, selfish desperation chills  
The wonted feeling of his heart.



There as he slowly sinks to die,  
E'en spite of hope's sustained control,  
The struggling tribute of a sigh  
Bursts deeply from his dauntless soul,  
As if he cursed the luckless day  
That called him to the wars, away  
From the bright valley of his youth,  
Home's, life's, affection's strongest ties,  
And his lov'd maiden's parting truth,  
Pledge of his mightiest energies.

With haggard visage, grim and wan,  
Those victors of earth's proudest fields,  
'Mid endless snow-drifts flounder on,  
While the strong pulse within them yields—  
The speaking of each laurel'd brow,  
The bearing of each storm-blanch'd plume,  
Are stern and mute endurance now,  
Reckless of fate's severest doom—  
Before them, desert-tracts of snow  
And war-wrought ruin meet the eye,  
Around them yells the Tartar foe,  
Above them scowls the wintry sky—



Still glory's flickering meteor-star,  
Illumed that broken faltering band,  
And nerved the iron heart of war,  
Where yet the sacred legion bore  
The sullen eagles of their land.  
Still the shrill bugles' wildest power  
Recalls the pride of other years,  
And 'mid the horrors of the hour  
Triumphs o'er present ills and fears.

Plunging in Lithuania's woods,  
That famish'd, tempest-stricken horde,  
That wreck of mightiest armies pour'd,  
Engulfed 'mid fir-clad solitudes,  
Where Beresina's pauseless floods  
Rolled on, as if they scorned to know  
The nearer march of friend or foe.

The fragile surface of the wave,  
And promptest skill of engineer,  
Give passage to the anxious brave,—  
Behind, the Cossack's rude career  
O'erwhelms the rampart-squares of steel,  
Where in their still and stern array

The lines of patient veterans kneel;  
The ravine echoes with dismay,  
Darkness obscures the dreadful fray,  
Despair's instinctive, maniac power  
Has madden'd men unknown to cower;  
Urged by the war-fiend's fiercest sound  
Those Stygian crowds infuriate pour,  
Till the last bridge with crash profound  
Goes down—the gurgling waters close,  
While o'er the tempest's midnight roar,  
And the wide strife of desperate foes,  
The deep death-groan of thousands rose.

Morn dawns upon the freezing wave,  
Gorged with the corse of the brave.

Vast darkening flights of birds of prey  
Are shrieking o'er the scene by day,  
And when the moon's cold silvery beam  
Again has lit that fatal stream,  
Gaunt groups of wolves are fiercely prowling,  
Round the abandoned soldier there,  
And like infernal demons howling  
Mid desolation and despair.



'Tis o'er—some lonely willows weep,  
Far in a sterile wave-worn isle,  
O'er him whose dreaded legions sleep  
From frozen Moskwa to the Nile.

But from that far and lonely grave,  
Back to the lovely shores of France,  
They've borne his ashes o'er the wave,  
To rest amid her cherished brave.

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## BOB LINK OR BOB-LINCOLN.

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This truly migratory bird (the *Dolichonyx Oryzivorus* of Linnaeus, the *Emberiza Oryzivora* of Wilson, and *Icterus Agripennis* of Bonaparte,) is called the Boblink in New England, the Reed-bird in Pennsylvania, the Rice-bird in the Carolinas, and the Butter-bird in the West Indies. It winters, says Wilson, from Mexico to the Amazon and the Equator. It breeds in New England, New York, the Canadas, and Labrador, from the forty-second to the fifty-fourth degree of north latitude; so that its annual migrations, being nearly equal to the forty-seven degrees of the sun's declination, place it in the same relation to the sun's rays at the winter as at the Summer solstice. About the end of the second week in August it descends from the hills of New England, upon Pennsylvania, and especially upon the islands and shores of the Delaware river, where the seeds of the wild rice are then ripening. Here it soon becomes exceedingly fat, is sought after by city sportsmen, and immense numbers are killed during their short stay. About the second week of September when the first frosts occur, it migrates south to the rice fields of Carolina and Georgia, where it participates in the harvest of the planters. The middle of November finds it among the Guinea-grass of Cuba and Jamaica.

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Upon New Hampshire's grassy hills  
My cradle was a tussock nest,  
My lullaby the murmuring rills;  
And there my infant dreams were blest  
With visions of June's brightest hours,  
And butter-cups and clover-flowers;

And there my father's simple song  
Was "happy as the day was long;"  
I cannot tell, you cannot think,  
How bravely there he sang Boblink!  
How gay he sang Boblink, Boblink!  
Link-link, Boblink!—Boblink-Link-link!

While yet the sunlight's strongest hour  
Shed o'er those hills its genial power,  
From day to day we nestlings grew,  
And when the mowers struck, we flew:  
Dreadful destruction came to pass  
O'er all those lovely flowers and grass;  
And when the men and maidens came  
To spread and rake the fragrant hay,  
You would not know the scene the same;  
Vast ruin happens in a day!  
I cannot tell, you cannot think,  
How sad my father sang Boblink!  
How mournfully he sang Boblink!

Swiftly our orb's far zodiacs run,  
That lift and lower the glorious sun,  
And soon the slow-declining light  
Fell feebly on my native height;  
And summer's scenes, and gayest flowers  
Gave place to Autumn's sober hours.



Eternal instinct's guardian care,  
That guides the wanderers of the air,  
Called all the passage-birds away,  
Impelled us, though we longed to stay.  
The warblers in their native groves,  
The web-foots by old ocean's shore,  
Rallied their little ones and loves,  
To trust the trackless air once more.

Although our native fields were bright,  
And August flowers were blooming nigh,  
Our kindred joined the general flight—  
Glad pilgrims to a warmer sky;  
We knew that nature's harvests there  
Were ripe for every bird of air,  
On the wide bounties of her store  
Trusted our patriarch-birds of yore;  
Our beaux were not in summer dress;  
They sang their plaintive autumn notes,  
Not those the rattle-caps express  
When love incites their merry throats;  
So sad their hearts, you would not think  
They ever sang Boblink—link-link!

Bright summer ripens many a seed,  
But none more luscious than the reed  
That robes the islands, and broad shores,



Where to the sea Shanunga pours;  
Thither our countless flights repair,  
Like starlings blackening all the air.  
'Tis a vast festival! the sportsmen pour  
A rolling volley on the shore;  
Falcon's are there, and all-devouring man  
Feasts on fat reed birds\* as on ortolan,  
Till cool September bids our millions fly  
To the warm mantle of a sunnier sky;  
Then o'er Savannah's fertile delta spread,  
The rice-plant waves its many-feeding head;  
Your Boblink-Rice-bird takes a bounteous share,  
And smooths his plumage in a genial air,  
Till guardian Nature, that protects us all,  
"When heroes perish, or when sparrows fall,"  
Still bids us follow toward the southern zone,  
And make the sun's bright journey all our own.  
O'er "lands of flowers," and o'er the tropic isles  
Where all unblanched, perennial verdure smiles;  
High o'er the sea-boy through the crimson air,  
From isle to isle our myriad swarms repair,  
Where Amazon's luxuriant shores are rife,  
And earth's bright girdle teems with joyous life.

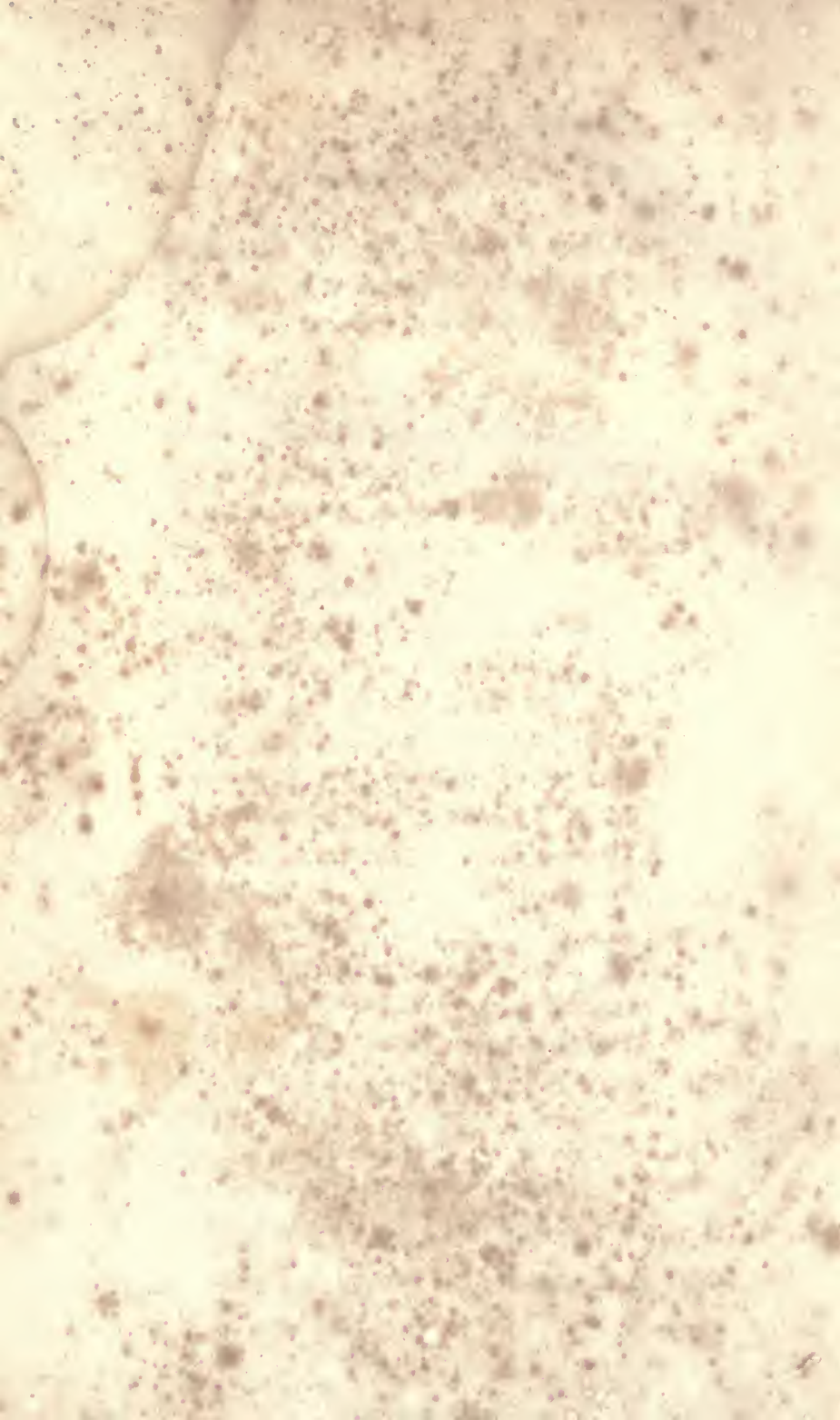
†The Reed-bird is allied to, but is a distinct species from, the Ortolan of Europe and Ortolan of Asia, which birds, in their simultaneous migration are coteremporaneously feeding on the rice-fields of Lombardy and of the Canton Province.

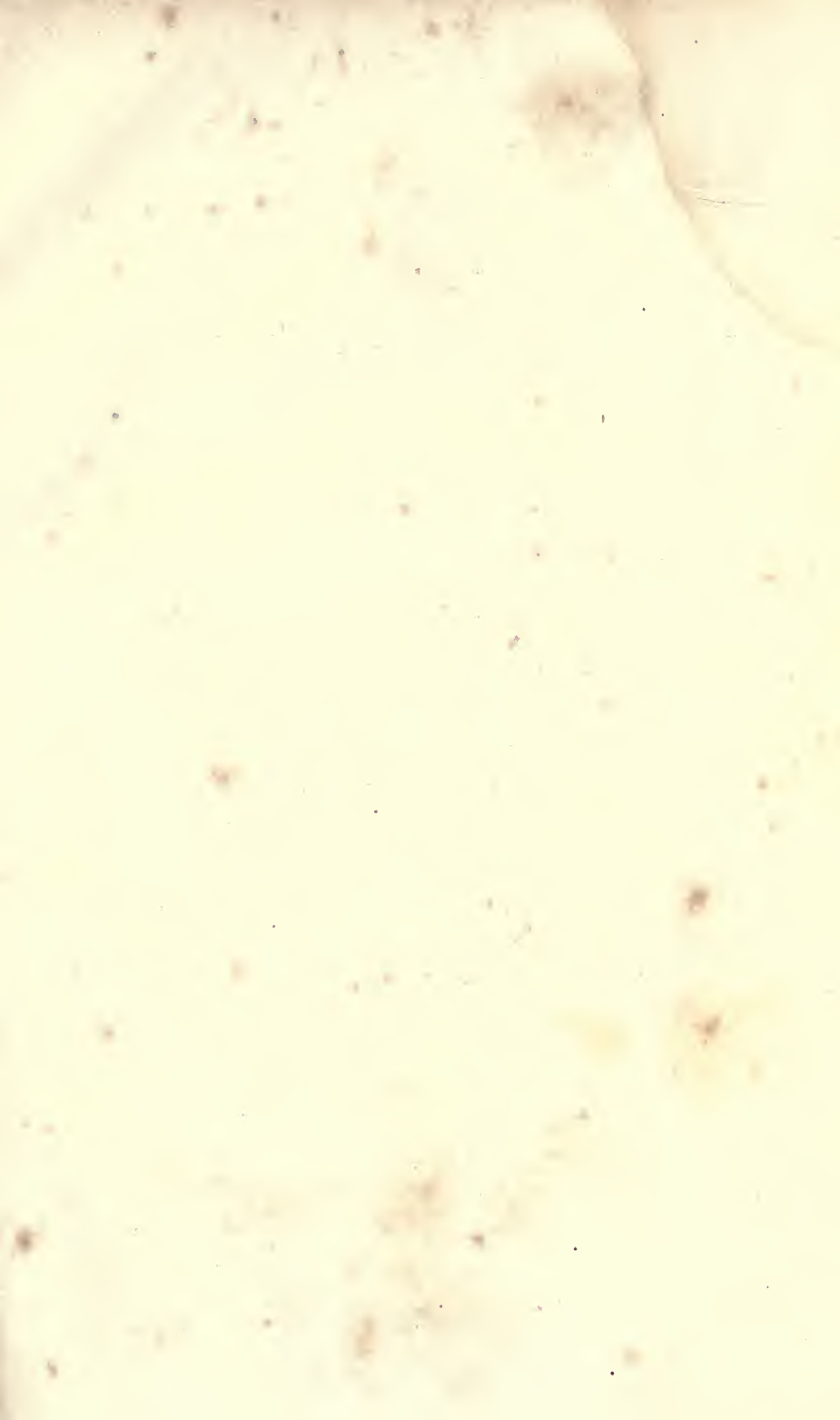
There, while stern winter's deadliest rigors blow,  
Our native hills deep-whelmed in drifted snow,  
Your Boblink-pilgrim, till life's span is run,  
Worships and migrates with the varying sun;  
Until the day-star in his course on high  
Wheels his proud chariot in the southern sky,  
And strengthening sunlight on our native hills  
Wakes from their winter sleep the frozen rills,  
And calls the warblers from the orange groves  
To the spring scenery of their summer loves.  
We take Shanunga's meadows by the way,  
And there we'll greet you on the tenth of May:  
Our beaux and belles in summer feather,  
Our mated birds gallant and glorious,  
We'll sing for love and lovely weather,  
And make the budding groves uproarious.

We stay not; for we seek again  
Each his own native mountain glen!  
And there, when some kind bird will share  
Our fondest loves and parent care,  
Near the same spot we'll build a nest,  
Where erst our infant dreams were blest:  
And when the mower whets his scythe,  
He'll listen to your Boblink's song:  
Earth cannot boast a bird more blithe,  
When June's gay hours are bright and long.

























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